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1920

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1 of Bathsheba.....
Original Bathing Beauty
—supplement— with —
Ballads of the Jokers 2

Price \$2.00 net.



The Glad Eyed Imp

Christians, Hebrews
All Nations, All Creeds, Agree:-
Son of Bath-she-ba

[With the spectral appearances of the MAN FROM GOD.]

The
“Most Astounding Drama
Of All Generations!” vide press.
with

ECHOES OF EVENING BELLS, LUSITANIA,
etc., etc.

HUMOROUS SUPPLEMENT—BALLAD
OF US-TELLERS, No. 2

By

Vincent P. Sullivan

Copyright 1920

New York: FRIEND Publishing Co.
652 39th Street, to 659 40th Street,
Brooklyn, New York

To Bob E. of Greenwich Village

Oh! For an Aerial Attic where the sun
Shines—in at every angle! roofed with glass!
A dome of perfect crystal,—where not one
Of censuring earthly eyes will dare trespass.

Lately we learn—lost in the great New York
A Latin Quarter, Greenwich Village called,
Hath such strange Attics 'mid her mazy streets
Where wights profess that, “That, That Is,
Is Not!

“And all straight stuff is simply bunk and rot!”

To YOU, come Nature's Gypsies with their art,
And so we come to play a passing part.
To you who best a tragic farce, divine,
I DEDICATE this moody “child” of mine.

V. P. S.



Cordially Yours
Vincent P. Sullivan

Son of
BATHSHEBA
the original
Bathing Beauty

(PAGE 15)

Supplemented with
Ballads of Us Fellers No. 2
and
Seven Illustrations

by
Vincent Philamon Sullivan

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JAN 26 1920

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CONTENTS

	Page
A Letter From the Author	5
The Gunman's Vamp. (reminiscence of the old-time Tenderloin)	6
If HE Should Speak Again	7
Nobody's Daughter	8
Time, (1918) the herald of peace	8
Son of Bath-she-ba, a play in three acts.....	9
Stars and Men	37
Fallen Gods (Individuals can make or un- make any kind of Government)	37
The Warden's Rhyme of the Czar's Last Night	38
Lusitania, the grandest ocean queen, ten verses	40
To Marie	43
To Laura	43
To An Actor	44
Himself and Life, the symbol of hope	44
To A. E. D.	45
To My Mother	46
Echoes of Evening Bells, the romance of Notre Dame	46
You (?)	54
Bank on the Grand Old Man	54
Drink-up and Have Another, National bone- dry song	55
Patter and Chatter	56
More Rhyme than Reason	56
"Dum" Little of Either One	57
Necker's Rival. (All Apologies to Chas. Lamb)	58
Coney Island, Playground of the World.....	60
The Strange Confession of N. A. E.	61
The Miracle of A Mother's Heart, A Fable in 3 parts	64

Professionals, Amateurs and Charity Workers

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BALLADS OF US FELLERS No. 2

(Acting rights waived in this department)

THE GUNMAN'S "VAMP"

Dark as a mine, in the Tenderloin
On the very brink of perdition
Sat a crook on a chair, at a table bare
And beside him, the female edition.

Oh! She is fair, and her impudent stare
Had all the "pugs" on-the-pike,
In teeth and eyes her beauty lies,
But she is as tough as a spike.

*

Now, the gunman told as he flashed the gold,
Of his hellish murdering mission
And he flung a share to the coosie, fair,
For Loot is the Red Light ambition.

*

THEN SHE LAUGHED LIKE A NIGHT-
INGALE

"AHA. HA HA HA!"
WHILE HER VOICE RAN THE SCALE OF
HIGH C,"
THEN SHE KISSED HIM, CARESSED
HIM,
AND PIOUSLY BLESSED HIM
BUT A DANGEROUS SAINT IS SHE.

*

From a taxicab, came a voice, "I'll stab!"
And another in horror replied,
"If you touch that loot, or that girl, I'LL
SHOOT!"

And a gunman groaned and died.

*

Yes, the ride was short, and her pal was caught,
And he grimly wished that he could,
"Be game enough to quit the game.
When the game was going good!"

*

As he passed her by, on his way to die,
He paused for a longing look, after,
But she cried "Be damned!" and the window
slambed,
And she danced in a fiend-like laughter.

*

AND SHE LAUGHED LIKE A SHE-DEVIL
"AHA, HA, HA, HA, HA!"
AND HER VOICE RAN THE SCALE OF
HIGH "C"
WHILE SHE HISSED HIM AND CURSED
HIM
AND DEMON-LIKE HEARSED HIM
IN A VAMPIRE'S VICTORY.

THE REAL ROUGH STUFF RHYMES
FOR YOUNG YANKS OF ALL AGES.

Continued on page 54

IF HE SHOULD SPEAK AGAIN

If the God should speak again
To his world of warring men,
Shall he say "They, thou shalt kill,"
Shall he say, "Be still, be still!"

I know no nation, creed nor clan
I only know, my handwork, MAN.

I made the heavens, made the earth,
I gave ye harmony at birth,—

My world is wide, thou art not blind
Seek love, and love ye sure shall find."



Mr. Sullivan Says:-

Never, perhaps, in the history of books, has such a daring contrast of the sublime and the ridiculous appeared within a pair of covers, before.

But the billboards of old show that Hamlet was served-up to hungry hearts at the Hay-market with a dash of burlesque for dessert,-such as the smashing, smock-ripping, "Belles Have at Ye All! or more Flirts Than One". History repeats itself here. We could have wished to extend "Ballads Of Us Fellers" but #3 will more than make-up for the present brevity. "The Gunman's Vamp" will doubtless be the best liked of this number, with our bone dry song, "Drink-up and Have Another" as a close second. Ballad Buyers are like myself and the small boy: they want their dessert first; so please see Uncle Sam's picture for Ballads of Us Fellers #2.

(2)

Some years before the world war I put the script of a great ship's last voyage into the hands of a friend. His actual words after reading were:- "Good God! Sullivan, where did you get that? Why that's a classic". "Out of the garret, (head) Jack", I replied, "at a forty-two hour' sitting". And this same pre-war poem is the present "Fighting for Lusitania." That occupied a whole column in the Times, May 15, 1915, slightly revised with this notable omission:-

Forward she plunged needing a
friend's advice,
Into an Artic avalanche of ice!
That monstrous, moving mountain
of the sea,
As silent, spectral as a ghost
might be.

Now anyone can guess that "Titanic" was the original name and strangest of all, it has been equally successful as a dramatic recitation, under both names!

(3)

If the writer, without vanity, might point-out some of the big moments of "Son of Bath-sheba", the scene in Act two, wherein David holds aloft the "scarlet" hand of Absalom and forgives him before the whole court, is a tense incident. And again the dethroned and barefooted king and his starving followers, Act three, and the remorse of the betrayer Archithopel, are to me fine bits of pathos. (Biblical accuracy is disclaimed).

We confess "The Warden's Rhyme" is almost entirely fictitious, and that the fable, "The Miracle of Mother Love" is grawsome, but both we feel, are redeemed by the message they convey.

All of you may not like all of the book, but surely some of you will like some of it, and so we leave you, dear friends to bring in your verdict.

(4)

The publishers invite your comment, and the author-artist promises you better pictures and poems, when we meet again.

December 1, 1919.

P.S. Some influence of Nathaniel Willis Parker and the Abbe Sage Richardson is gratefully acknowledged; to the former in "Son Of Bathsheba," and to the latter, in "Echoes Of Evening Bells."

NOBODY'S DAUGHTER

Nobody's daughter from no place came,
Out of the grim, dim deep,
Ah, Christ! but the wind and the wave can main
A poor little waif, in her last, last sleep.

Driftwood on the seas of life,
Lashed to a splintered spar
She battled the storm and the raging strife
Unto this sandy bar.

Racked on the vast expanse, perchance
Where sea and sky seem one
Where "mountains" rise and falling prance
And seldom shines the sun.

Nobody's daughter is somebody yet,
Though she could not resist the tide;
See! her arm wears the ambered amulet:
The gift of a prince to his bride!

TIME—1918

What fools are we that pray for peace
For peace that knows no end
Since time will have its war and peace,
Though suit of saint, attend.
For war there was and war here is,
And war there still shall be
And peace there was and peace will come
When time shall peace decree.

Time and his peace are coming on
The hour draweth nigh,
Though we have rung a grim year out
Let not the new slip by.
Lest then a time for peace should pass
And none shall count the years
That man the clay incarnadines
Yet time, shall have no ears.

For we are but the Toys of Time,
Who makes us love and hate,
Who makes us murder, makes us mad,
And sweeps us to our fate.
Yet, Peace will come; the world will sing
And some with joy will die,
If we but make this year our friend
Before this Time slips by.

January, 1918

Son of Bathsheba
A play in three acts
THE STORY:

David, the founder of Judea, is infatuated with the bathing beauty, Bathsheba, wife of the poor Hethite, Uriah. He determines to secure her although he has inherited all the wives of Saul. So Uriah dies by David's ruse, "on the fighting line."

A son, of wondrous beauty is born to David and Bathsheba, and the indulgent father spends hours idolizing the child. But at last, "the Man from God" appears with a sentence of death for the infant Absalom, the moment he reaches the age of man.

Absalom, in his youth, has a sister, Tarma, famously fair, who was annoyed by the attentions of their step-brother Amnon. At length these attentions terminated in criminal assault and the infuriated Absalom failing to get redress from the king, revenged his dearest sister's wrong by setting a band of desperadoes on Amnon; the heir-apparent and first born of the king, is slain.

Absalom has fled to Syrea, and though David inwardly yearns for his return, he is maddened at the mention of his name.

After many years the general-in-chief intercedes for Absalom who is brought before the king and forgiven. But resentment is boiling in the breast of Absalom for the unjust banishment and he has secretly assembled the whole nation in a rebellion.

David flies from his throne and a terrific slaughtering takes place in the fields near by, but Absalom is defeated.

The triumphant David returns and is about to slay his general-in-chief for not "keeping the young man safe" but the Man from God again appears explaining the mysterious death of Absalom. This Man from God ends the play with the glad predictions for the future of the infant Solomon, "the Grand Monarch" whom the queen holds in her arms.

THE CAST OF CHARACTERS

(as they first appear)

JOSOPHAT, the Recorder

SARARIAS, the Scribe.

DAVID, King of Judea

THE INFANT ABSALOM, his son

NURSE, to the child.

BATHSHEBA, the Queen.

Elia, her maid.

THE MAN FROM GOD, Nathan.

VARIOUS INMATES of the Palace.

THE WISE WOMAN of Gessuhr.

JOAB, The King's General

ETHIA, his captain.

ABISAI, his captain.

ABSALOM, the rebellious Prince.

AMASA, his Captain in the rebellion.

CHUSAI, the wise counsellor.

ARCHITOPHEL, the foolish Oracle.

A priest.

A Survivor of the Late House of Saul.

SIBA, the Fugitives' Friend.

ELIA, Waiting on Bathsheba.

THE INFANT SOLOMON.

ISRAELITES.

HORSEMEN, soldiers; servants.

SCENE: Jerusalem and the banks of the river
Jordan.

Son of Bathsheba

the popular play



HOTEL ST. GEORGE,
WILLIAM TUMBRIDGE,
CLARK, HICKS, HENRY & PINEAPPLE STS.
31 CLARK STREET,
BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK

25-6-05791:

My Dear Mr Sullivan,

Many
Thanks for your play
I read it with great
interest,

Yours Sincerely
R B Mantell

[America's best Actor Mr. Robert B. Mantell]

“BUT THOU NO MORE WILL COME.”



“Ah, My Bathsheba, See! The Son Thou Gavest Me.”

ACT ONE.

The garden of King David's palace, Jerusalem; dawn is breaking; to the right rear, a flight of marble steps; to centre rear a fountain; enter Josaphat and Saraias, meeting.

Josaphat

Saraias! God bless thee and this day!

Saraias

And thou Josaphat. How beautiful the dawn!

JOS. What news of wars How does the king
in Raba?

SAR. The king? Not so, my lord recorder.

The mighty general Joab, goes forth, to war,
But the King, no; not he, Josaphat.

Since the new prince came, David's a man of
peace.

JOS. The new prince? You mean Bathsheba's
Babe?

SAR. Bathsheba's babe is all the world to him.

JOS. What, is this David's son?

I thought Bathsheba wife of Uriah.

SAR. Sometime but not now;

Burning with love for beautiful Bathseba,

Thus wrote the king to Joab, his general:

Set Uriah in front facing the foe

For Uriah must die without delay!

JOS. No good can come from marriage such
as this.

SAR. I think so too, Josaphat. Hush:

'Tis now his kingly custom, HERE to walk

Beneath the sky roof of this inner court;

Here, shut in from the world but *not* from
from heaven

He plays with the loved son by the fountain side.

JOS. Who shall blame him? I hear the child's
a wonder. ,

SAR. Nay, Josophat:
It is idolatry, confessed alone
To the rapt wires of rebukleless harp—
He loves this child of beautiful Bathsheba!

*The infant Absalom, WITHIN: "Father?
Father?" King David WITHIN: Dress him and
bring him here.*

Josaphat and Saraias retire.

*Enter, David with a scroll; he seats himself
by the fountain side.*

David (reading)

Well done, well done, brave Joab!
O that I led thee in this charge of Amon!
But envious Rabbath shall soon know of me.
*Enter nurse with Absalom; He leaps to the
king's arms*

David

It is good to have you with me now, my peerless
boy!

Absalom ...

Why, father?

DAV. Last night I dreamed I lost thee, Absalom,
Dost thou hear?

ABS. Don't dream father.

DAV. Last night my son, I drew thee to my
breast

And drank thy beauty with a savage zest,
Till my wild love did quite crush-out thy breath,
And left me gazing on a child of death!

The rising sun did find staring still:

A mad-man who had murdered gainst his will.

ABS. Sleep like me, father.

DAV. Then all at once, there came a MAN
FROM GOD

Who glared upon me with an angry eye!—

ABS. Father, sleep like me.

DAV. And O, how could I kill thee
No, No! 'Twas but a *dream*,
The child that I love, my aerial dove,
Could never so hateful seem.

ABS. Boy prince is sorry, father.

DAV. I know it Absalom. Look at me, son:
Those eyes, those eyes, again!
And O, the most infathonable hue of those large
eyes

Send forth their light as twilight shows a star,
Drawing the heart of the beholder in.
Why wert thou born so beautiful and wise?

ABS. To be like father David.

DAV. For one so young,
How regal is thine infantile regard!
And thine ripe lip is of the passionate mould
The line and type of love. And this is like Bath-
sheba.

God bless thee, ah, God bless thee, prayer is poor,
I can but crave His blessing more and more!

Now go, (*Child runs to its approaching mother*)
and my treasure, God keep thee,

To Him alone do you nod,
So chaste and so mild is this beautiful child
This beautiful child of God.

Enter Bathsheba, attended

Beautious, bathing Bathsheba,

Ah, my Bathsheba, see,
The son thou gavest me!

What, art thou sad, my Queen? Uriah
Thy husband bravely died, fighting for—
(*falters*)

For Judea, for Judea's pride, my dear.
(*coughs*)

Art thou not proud, Bathsheba? Come, come, be
satisfied.

Bathsheba

David, I am: Thou hast married me,
Making thy humblest servant a great Queen.
Of wordly goods thou hast been bountiful
But David, dear,—

DAV. Ah, my Bathsheba!

When first I spied thee from my palace roof
Bathing beneath the arched and azure skies,
Undecked of all but thy long glittering hair
Thy tall round lines relieved by balmy blue,
'Twas Venus to behold! And O, how lovely
Looked you looking down: the curved, long
lashes

Languishly low, you lifted pensively,
'Twas but a moment, my Bathsheba,
One mutual glance!—and thou wert born for ME.

A FLASH OF LIGHTNING

A servant enters, unobserved

Did'st think that Heaven, earth, or any man
Could stand between me and the woman I love!

A PEAL OF THUNDER

Be satisfied, Bathsheba.

BATH. David I am, yet pity me if I at times
Should weep for Uriah.

Servant.

Hear me O king!

DAV. Slave! Knowest thou not the hour?

SERV. But O king,

Nathan the Prophet cometh from my God!

DAV. Nathan—cometh? Away dreamer!
Nahtan!

SER. Nathan, O king!

DAV. Liar! he knows not—

SER. He waits for thee, O king.

DAV. "Waits for me" Alas, Bathsheba,
Thou, hast wept too loud!!

BATH. I have done nothing, David.

DAV. Ah, get thee gone!
Exit Bathsheba, with child.

To Servant

Admit the MAN form GOD!
But why "Alas" Why Nathan is my friend:
Why should the name of "Nathan" now appall me?
*As the king paces the garden Nathan the Prophet
appears under a dim light.*

David is terrified but assumes calmness.

DAV. Welcome, Prophet; Nathan the amiable!
Comest thou from the Lord my God?

Nathan

I from the Lord My God.

Listen! my God thus speaketh unto David:

DAV. Speak O Prophet!

NATH. Behold the word of God.

Once, David, there were two men in a city,
And one was very rich and the other very poor,
Now the rich man had great herd of sheep,
But the poor man had but one ewe lamb
And this he loved and fostered as a child,
Nay, from his cup the lamb was fond to eat.

DAV. Indeed, indeed!! Prophet, I hear thee.

NATH. Now one day, the rich man had a visitor,
And the rich man wishing to feast his friend
Touched not his herds, but killed the poor man's
lamb

Leaving the poor man destitute, alone.

DAV. By the God Nathan,
He that has done this deed, dies like a dog!

NATH. "Dies like a dog," David?

DAV. Like a dog, Nathan!

NATH. Know then, O king, Thou art the man!
Thou art the rich man that stole the poor man's
lamb.

Thou art the king that seeks his throne to damn.

DAV. I am the man? Nathan you mistake.

NATH. Listen; The God of Isreal speaketh;
I anointed thee King of Isreal
And from the House of Saul, delivered thee.
The House of Saul I gave thee for thine own,
The wives of Saul I gave thee and his crown;
Why then the WIFE of Uriah hast thou stolen?
Why Uriah the Hethite hast thou slain
Taking the poor man's wife to wive in shame!
DAVID Curse me Nathan, curse this devil, David!
NATH. All that He gave was nothing, sayeth
God!

For He gave thee His heart, with all!

DAV. Bountious God! Prophet, I will repent.
I will not eat, I will not sleep, I will give My
kingdom!

NATH. Rise, David and behold:
The Lord has pardoned thee, thou shalt not die:
But see thy work: the enemies of God
Blastpheme his name, seeing His favorite sin.
DAV. Most true, Nathan.

NATH. Mark then, thy Penance, David.

DAV. Speak, but with mercy, Prophet; not too
hard.

NATH. Mark the fell sentence of the Lord,
My God:

This Son of Sin, thine infant prince—

DAV. Not Absalon, for God's sake spare the
boy!

Be kind to Absalon, only.

NATH. Prince Absalon, this son of Sin shall
die

Ere one and twenty years the boy must die!

DAV. Mercy, mercy, Prophet!

NATH. Now may affairs do summon me to
lands unknown

To points encompassed only by my God,
Where men do in a universal voice cry "Mercy,"

But ah no: there cannot then be mercy
But for the Just alone. Now I will go—
When the hour cometh on for thy son's death,
Look for me David, then shall you see me again.

Nathan disappears—Thunder and Lightning as before. Re-enter, as to the rescue, Bathsheba, Absalom, Sararias and Josophat, who assist David to the palace.

DAV. The boy must die ere one and twenty years!

The curtain descends with all repeating variations of the sentence of Nathan.

FOREWORD TO ACT TWO

The years roll on: Time's swift onrush
Brings Absalom apace to manhood's flush.
Bathsheba's babe is now Judea's dear
Her maidens idolize him far and near.
The young and old for gallantry adore him
And life in all its newness is before him.
Who knows but now he's planning to be king
With Power, Youth and Gold, the Crown's the
Thing!

ACT TWO

Stateroom in the palace of David; Josophat and Saraias.

Josophat

You had a tale to tell me, master scribe.

Saraias

Sit down, sir, and I'll tell you. 'T was some four years ago—I think you were on business for the King,—that Amnon, the king's heir,—*in his ear*—conceived a guilty love, for the beautiful sister of Absalom. The princess had a fad of cooking the most charming dishes, and Amnon, feigning to be dying from broths of the king's own cook, begged the assistance of the innocent girl. She gladly consented, and soon presented the supposedly sick prince with the muffins.

JOS. Would that all wives could cook such muffins!

SAR. Hush, hush, recorder, 'tis a sad tale I tell thee: A bestial scandal, do you understand! The poor innocent child immersed from the villian's room, driven from his presence,—with abuse, ruined in body, broken in heart, hopeless in life, weeping as if she would shed tears of blood. Absalom her brother, hears her story, hides his rage for the present, and took the poor outcast as a permanent resident of his own house.

JOS. A noble brother, is the brave young prince!

SAR. The penalty is Death, for deeds like this. But David the king, did nothing. Quoth he, "Vex not the spirit of Amnon, for Amnon is my first born and mine heir." Absalom waited, two years he waited, Josophat, and then he himself determined to avenge his dearest sister's wrongs! One night, at a festival, the king was absent—the hour was late, and all top heavy

with wine, at a given signal from Absalom his servants rushed in upon the unnatural Amnon, dispatched him, and so left him, wading in his blood! Absalom fled from the vengeance of David, to Gessuhr, Syrea, there he is still in exile.
JOS. I am astonished, Sir!

This then, is the reason for the prince's banishment?

SAR. Exactly, Josophat; Hush, here comes the king!

Distant music. Enter King David and the court, Chusai and Architophel, preceeding.

David

Now then, the first in order.

Josophat

O king! a poor woman weeping and in mourning.
Begg thyne ear.

DAV. I saw here in the throng.

Bid her come forth.

Enter the Wise woman of Gessahr disguised as a widow.

Widow

Save me O king!

DAV. Tell thy tale, woman.

WIDOW: Alas I am a widow; two sons I had,
But, fighting in the field, one killed the other
And behold O king, the whole kindred rose up
All crying "Deliver him to us!

Deliver him up that slew his brother!"

And now the only son the lord has left me,
They want to kill him, king, the only son I have.
Save me O king.

DAV. Peace, peace, woman.

If any of thy kindred offend thee,
Bring him here. And by the living God,
He'll never harm thee more. Go to thy house
And you, Sararias, give charge concerning her.

WID. O, king, one word! Let thy handmaid speak!

DAV. But, briefly, my good widow.

WID. Why do you show such mercy unto my son,

And to thine own prince Absalom, no heart,
No mercy do you show!

DAV. Speak no more! Chusai, take her!

WID. O king of clemency!

Here are two sons with but a single sin:
Brother slew brother, prince slew brother prince,
Even as my son did.

DAV. Away, I say, away!

WID. Lord of Jerusalem! We all die
And like the waters that return no more,
We fall, back to the earth! Nothing is lost
In nature, nay, nor will the Lord, king,
Have one soul perish, but recalleth,
For that which is cast off
Should not altogether perish!

DAV. *to himself*. "For that which is cast off!"
"We fall back to the earth!" By the God, Chusai,
This widow makes me weep. *To widow*. An-
swer me that which I ask:

Is not the hand of Joab my general
With you in most of this work?

WID. Thy servant Joab,

O king, bid me come here, but for my words
In Absalom's behalf, I pray you blame him not.

DAV. Thou seemest not an ordinary widow,
What is thy name?

WID. Orphra, O king.

Architophel (removing her disguise)

Orphra! The wise woman of Gessahr!

DAV. Leave her alone. I am amazed!

More pleased am I than angry at this masque!

Enter, general Joab, leading Absalom, who is

disguised as a soldier.

Joab

Hail, David king and uncle!

DAV. Stronghearted Joab! My sister's son,
And Sarvia's defender! What hostage, this?

Joab, this hour's events work fast upon me.

So, for me, tell the prince,—

JOAB removing Absalom's disguise.

Prince, behold thy king! Son behold thy father!

As Absalom's disguise is removed, a great glad cry goes up from the mob, especially the girls.

JOAB. Approach and look upon the king.

DAV. *angrily.* Joab, Joab!

Absalom kneels before the throne.

Rise Absalom! *Takes his hands.*

Behold thine hands, though scarlet with the blood
Of my first born, Amnon, my heir, my eldest,

Though these, thine hands, are scarlet, Absalom,
Jerusalem, and all the world take note!

King David is appeased: David forgives,

He pardons Absalom! *Embraces him.*

Where has thou been? Bathsheba's babe doth

wax

Adonis-wise to man! thy princely lines

Defieth still the marble of the masters!

Where hast thou been? Joab thou hast made
me happy!

ABS. Three years, O king, in Gessahr, Syrea,
I've spent with my grandparents.

DAV. 'T was an eternity! How I have missed
thee,

None but my good God knows!

ABS. *coldly.* How I have suffered

Out-cast by all, in this most rank injustice,

None but my good God knows! (*Murmur in
the mob.*)

Why should it be so sire? What have I done

To merit banishment? Was it wrong, O king,
To kill the bestial rape that spoiled my sister?

DAV. Speak better of my dead, or by the God!

ABS. Why then, to hell allegiance! Here's the
sword

That Amnon died by, here, the breast of exiled
Absalom.

If my iniquity still makes you mourn,

Take your revenge O King!

DAV. Proud and distainful ever!

I saw this in the infancy of life:

This regal air was present at thy birth.

Set us thy sword; offend no more thy father!

I am so pleased to see you, home again

That my full heart forgets all other things.

ABS. Then hear thy son's request.

DAV. With gladness.

ABS. Sire, when I was in Gessahr, Syrea,

Thy servant made a vow unto his God,

That if he would be pleased to bring me forth

Again unto Jerusalem and thee,

I would return and offer sacrifice

For this, my God's great bounty.

DAV. Nothing so welcome, nothing so desired

Both by my God and me. But must you go at
once?

ABS. Such was promise, Father.

DAV. Keep thy promise. For the brief time.
Farewell.

And the good God of Isreal go with you.

ABS. Father and king, farewell. *Going.*

DAV. Call him, Josophat.

JOS. Absaalom, Absalom!

DAV. Go to thy mother, son! Bathsheba yearns

And languishes for thee. Out of her anguish

She builds realms of love, only to pine

Again for absent Absalom! Go to her

For the gladness of the time is hers far more
Than ours of Israel's. Visit thy mother!

ABS. I will obey you, father.

Exeunt, all but David and Joab, amid acclaim for Absalom.

DAV. How fine he looks!

JOAB. The promise of a soldier and a man!

DAV. How shall I thank you Joab?

Knowing how my heart was turned toward him
Thou camest like an angel, for my pride
Left to itself, would break all hearts, mine own.
Most certainly. *Acclamation, again.* Hark!

JOAB. Upon me rest the iniquity—

DAV. Listen, Joab, listen! *Louder acclaim.*

What do you hear, Speak, Speak! Can this be
treason?

JOAB. I cannot yet discern, O king!

DAV. O Joab I have a fear—a very little fear!
Run to the balcony! *A triumphet and a voice:*
“*Absalom reigneth in Hebron!*”

JOAB. Did you hear that, David?

DAV. By the living God! *voice again.*

Absalom reigneth in Hebron!

Darkness and doom! What see'st thou?

JOAB. O, King, I am blinded by the sight:

Chariots, O king, and again more chariots!

There's Absalom! Thy son arrayed in all Judea's
splendor,

His golden car drawn by six snow-white steeds.

Thousands of horsemen glittering in steel,

Hundreds of footman run before the show,

And, O king, they come, they come, this way!

DAV. Come down and look no more! Thy
words alone

Will blind me!

That proud bright being now is burst away,

In all his princely beauty to defy

The heart that cherished him! Ah, well, I go
The way of all flesh, hearty Joab!
The warm bright sun has left me, the heavenly
beams

Have lent themselves to youth! alack Judea!
Is David grown so cheap? Let the Ammonites
remember. *Wielding his sword wildly.*

When they cut off the beards of my ambassadors
For a taunt, the children of Ammon fell
And Syrea's sons, the choicest and the flowers
Of her youth,—before our outraged sword!
Then I was good enough for Israel and all!

Enter, Chusai, and Architophel running.

CHUSAI. Fly O, king, Absalom thy son, now
seeks thy life!

ARCHITOPHEL. Away O king thy son will
murder thee!

DAV. I will not stir, I will not move!

ARCHITOPHEL *aside*. What good is a dying
lion? *Exit.*

DAV. And my Jerusalem, whom I have loved
so well

Forgets her king, ere death has sealed his sad,
World-weary eyes!

JOAB. Listen David, Listen! Uncle, King!

CHUSAI. Despair not, David! In glory

Or in gloom, Chusai is thy friend!

I'll fool this boy-king as they call him.

I'll swear fidelity, to "king" Absalom

My council he will harken, mark and heed,

And so be damned! Dost thou hear me David?

I'll say thou art at Olivet, but O king,

Mount Olivet beware! You hear me?

DAV. I'll to the south of Jordan with some
friends

If friend I still can claim.

JOAB. Why this is excellent, come!

CHUSAI. We'll show Prince Charming what
a fool he is!

JOAB. Remember he who murdered thy first
born!

DAV. O, God! Must I remember! *Exeunt.*
END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

Scene One: Throne room in the palace of
David as before.

*Absalom on the throne beside him his general,
Amasa, a Court of followers, attendants.*

Absalom

So am I honored sons of Israel.

Thou daughters of Judea, be it known,

That we the son of David thine elect

Shall study to deserve your loves henceforth.

Voices: Hail to the chosen of the Lord!

Another: And all Israel!

And yet I would not turn you against David,
He is a goodly king. *Hisses.*

VOICES: A treacherous old tyrant!

ABS. Though somewhat lacking justice, let us
grant.

We might improve his verdicts with some care,
For he is old, decrepit and infirm,

Sinister and irritable growing.

He wants the heart to hear your greivences.

Cheers.

Your wives and daughters say he slights them off,
Not that I'd speak disparaging of David,

But if the poor dead Uriah could speak

'Twould be a speech to strike King David dead!

Voices: Away with the man of blood!

ABS. I would not steal your hearts away from
David

Nor did I move this court from ancient Hebron;

Hebron, the holy spot, so dear to all of you,
Was once your shrine of justice. Not my hand
Dear friends, has moved it here.

Wails and murmurings against David.
Amasa!

Amasa

Here, master!

ABS. We sent one to the learned Architophel—

AMASA. Here comes the counsellor, master!

Enter Architophel.

ABS. Architophel! O thou Oracle of God!

Architophel

Hearing your need, O king, I hastened from
My house, coming with gladness, my statesman-
ship

Is at thy masters feet!

ABS. We knew it, Architophel!

Enter, unobserved, Chusai.

ARCH. Add thereto, O king, my grudge for
David:

Sure you know thy mother is my grandchild

Poor Bathsheba was torn from Uriah;

I knew him well: a braver captain never drew
a breath

I am for you, as I was once for David.

Will you hear my plans?

ABS. Speak, Oracle of God!

ARCH. This night O king, pick twenty thou-
sand men

And hunt him down ere daybreak! Give him
no chance

For weak and weary is the wandering David.

ABS. This is most certain; prepare Amasa

Twenty thousand men for present charge.

O what a gift thou hast, wise Architophel!

Chusai

Hear me speak O king.

ABS. What David's friend! Do you love life,
Chusai?

CHUS. Nay, for I will be his whom the lord
has chosen

Who shall I serve if not the son of David!

With him shall I abide and all his people.

Hear me speak O king.

ABS. Let him speak.

CHUS. Thou knowest what a warrior is thy
father

The whole world knows how marvelously valient
he is!

David the dog of war is now himself!

Nay, our most gallant men, though they be wolves

Though they be iron-girdled, lion hearted,

Will melt with fear before his blazing eye!

ABS. Ha! I have seen that eye, and must con-
fess

His hatred is his own: in all the world

No man can love nor none can *hate* like David!

I thank you counsellor! Go on:

CHUS. What, good are twenty thousand, master
king?

Gather O king all Israel unto thee

Like to the sands of the desert: unnumbered.

So cover as the dew upon the earth,

This monster David and his furious friends.

Be merciless O king and of his followers

Leave not a man alive!

ABS. O this is wondrous wise. What Arch-
iophel!

How comes it then that you not thought of this?

Sir, I am sorry but our course no futher needs
you.

From the throng: Away with the oracle!

ABS. Chusai seems to suit us well enough

So well indeed he suits us that you seem

Half guilty of high treason to our state.

ARCH. Let me speak, O king, one word,
Master!

From the throng: He is a traitor!

ABS. We cannot hear you now: be satisfied
With silence, Architophel, from now, on.

From the throng: Follow Chusai's counsel!
Chusai is a wizard!

ABS. It shall be done.

Tomorrow is my birthday, countrymen,

Before my God and my beloved Judea,

Tomorrow I shall reach the age of Man.

Tomorrow if you're pleased to crown me king

We shall declare a double holiday.

Add thereto Victory,—thanks to Chusai's
counsel,—

And we shall have a triple holiday!

Acclaimataion.

And countrymen, think me not a son unnatural
Hunting his father down; let Father David live,
But for my beloved Judea, David the king must
die!

Where is he now, Chusai?

CHUS. More than a million strong, O king,
East of Mount Olivet.

ABS. "A million strong east of Olivet!" March
To the mount at once! Amasa, dost thou hear?
Go, some of you, and empty every house,
Say 'tis the general judgment,—

Say the Eternity is at hand, unless

King David dies! Jerusalem, I bring thee,
Liberty!

*EXEUNT,—amid clamor and acclaim,—all,
excepting Architophel.*

ARCH. Go to the mount, you fool!

This man of David's makes an ass of thee;

But the fair are often fools. The blind shall

Lead the blind! Mount Olivet! How clever!
March to the mount, ye flock of sheepish fools,
David is snug by Jordan river bank.

I'll set my house in order and go hang!
O blessed Jordan, cool his fevered brow,
I never missed king David more than now!

End of Scene One—Act Three.

SCENE TWO.

The shores of Jordan. David is almost in rags, seated on the river banks; his followers lie weak and weary about him.

David

History shall call me the "bare-footed king."
Come followers, take heart! Ye have walked all
night

Poor friends, ye starve! But Jordan must be
crossed

If we'd evade the enemy's onrush.

How we have prayed for him who hunts down,
For my estranged and wilful Absalom!

Methinks the Lord will yet have mercy on us!

Enter Soldier in haste

SOLDIER. O king Architophel, thy friend, conspired against thee!

DAV. Architophel!

O, dear friends, I found him, tendering his mules,
So raw a mountaineer, so inarticulate,

He could not speak two words intelligible!

I took him to myself, I gave him schooling

I set at so prosperous a pace,

He was another person. O if he was

My mother's son, I could not have loved him
more!

Enter an old servant of the late house of Saul.

Servant

Come out, come out thou man of blood,
Thou man of Belial,

The Lord repays thee now full well
For the crown thou stole from Saul.
The Lord has given thy realm up
Into thy fool-son's hand,
Evil shall come apace on thee
For thou hast lost command!
Goes out repeating "come out, come out" etc.

Soldier

Why let this dead dog curse my lord King?
DAV. Let him alone; let him curse David!
Behold, my own, the riches of my blood,
Seeketh his father's life! How then shall Saul's
Poor roofless rat show mercy unto me?
Full many a time I soothed the insane Saul
With my old harp of Hebron. O thou dead Saul!
Thou to pursued gray David, and thy spear
Had pinned me to the wall, but for a hair's breath
And the grace of God! Yet I condemn thee not:
Reverse of fortune and the want of Faith
Had made you mad; and I, the Lord's anointed
I the poor shepherd's son, must therefore be thy
foe!

Ye Mountains of Gilboa, remember Saul,
Ye holy hills, remember Jonathan!
Whose love was wonderful,
Passing the love of woman!

Kind friends, forgive me: I was lost a little
In the fields of yore! For this slaves cursing,
Methinks the lord will render good for evil!

Enter Seba, with two asses laden with food.
What hast thou there, old friend?

Seba

Refreshments for thee and thine, O king!

DAV. Our prayer is answered! Feed my
lambs!

The followers attack the food.

Seba



Abalsom: "March to the mount at once"

Here's wine, here's bread, here's figs for thee
O king!

Eat and drink for thy servants, in the wilderness.
DAV. Ah, gentle Seba, only the Outcast thanks
you,—

The shepherd boy that slew the giant, Goliath,
Is all that thanks thee now! Honest Seba,
Though it mean but little or nothing, know:
If God but look with favor on my cause,
You shall not miss my bounty! Eat with me!

Enter Chusai, running.

Chusai

The God of Israel bless thee O king!

DAV. O my most dear Chusai, what's the news?

CHUS. I have defeated the profitable counsel
Of the Oracle, Archithophel,—

DAV. The God again is with us!

CHUS. I have sent him to Mount Olivet but
here

Thou art safe, by Jordan! But O King, delay
not!

He is unhousing Israel entire,
Proclaiming that the walls of hell will burst
Unless King David dies! All Israel
O King, now seeks thy life!

DAV. Aha! Rise, my good friends; The time
is short!

I burn again with fury for the Phillistines!
Ever noble Joab, divide our armys
Into three divisions: Command the footman
Ethia; Abisai, thou the horseman manage!
Joab and ourself will lead—

JOAB. Do not venture David!

If we are caught it will not greatly matter
But David's capture means complete defeat.

DAV. That will I do, Joab, what seemeth good
to you!

Yet hear me, for I give my last command.

JOAB. Speak O king!

DAV. Let fall thy sword with all the hate

That thy brute force can summon,

So let them know that David liveth yet!

Be merciful to none, spare none, none spare,
But One.

JOAB. Who is that One, if I may ask O king!

DAV. Even he who seeks this old white head,

Who'd set his heel upon the heart of David,

Let this One live! Take him alive!

Bring Absalom the young man, safe to me!

Poor Absalom!

End of Scene Two—Act Three.

SCENE THREE—ACT THREE.

Throne room as before. Queen Bathsheba bearing the infant Solomon, attended by Elia.

BATHSHEBA. Is the world mad, Elia?

ELIA. Why dear queen?

BATH. How shall I pray in this mad world
When father and son do seek each other's life?
I cannot pray for David's victory

Nor can I pray for my dear son's success

Since one must surely die. God give

King David pity, and my proud son, sense!

ELIA. It shall be so, dear queen.

Enter Josophat.

JOSOPHAT. Madam, I bring thee word, the
rebels break;

All Israel have joined King David's forces

The enemy is beaten, horse, foot and dragoons!

BATH. You hear that, dear Elia? a victory for
David.

Where then is my boy, Prince Absalom.

JOS. Prince Absalom thy son is with the miss-
ing.

BATH. Why Joab has sworn to bring the boy alive.

JOS. Calmly, my good madam, Joab may yet keep his word.

A great cry without: David reigneth in Juda!

BATH. But where is Absalom? *Wildly.*

Enter, borne by the throng, in triumph, King David; with him is Joab, R., the two captains, L., Seba, Chusai, R., Israelites.... King David, arrayed in white, is restored to his throne.

JOAB. Thou wert a warrior ever! Now ripe age

Defeats the foolish head that beauty carries.

Elia takes the child from Queen.

DANID to Bathesheba. Come to me, bravo's princess! *Embraces.*

Let Heaven note, there is more stimulus

In this great kiss, than all the joys of triumph!

BATH. Ah, when I see you now,

The expanse of that broad celestial brow,—

Crowned with the brilliant blooms of victory,

I cannot think you could be cruel to mine,—

I know that you will pardon Absalom.

DAV. 'Twas my immediate thought. *To Joab*

—My grand lieutenant

Tell me I pray you, is the young man safe?

JOAB. Upon my oath, O king;

We met at the forest of Ephraim,

We, the opposing hosts, for the grand conflict

Which should determine all for the boy or you.—

And O king the blood did run, as 'twere a crimson sea

At the end of time! There I beheld your son,

Fighting most gallantly—, then on a sudden

A great cheer for David! the rebels crossed the line

The day was ours! But in the wild confusion

Following, I saw no more of Absalom, thy son.
DAV. By the God I say! Is there a man in all
Israel

Knows where the boy is?

JOS. *from the balcony.* He comes O, king, he
comes!

Mournful cries, without.

Bath. takes David's hand, hastens to door.

BATH. Softly I lead thy father to thee, sleeping;
A little sounder than you sometime were,—
In all thy beauty and delight of life,
Again I say, O husband, see him, *see him*
Safe at last!

*Here the body of Absalom is borne in. The
Queen faints.*

DAV. Safe at last! What Bathsheba is this
the boy?

The Queen! *To att.—to Joab.*

Did I not charge thee on thy mortal peril
To keep the young man safe? How could you
kill him, Joab?

What are thy conquests now? Let Rabbath rot!
To the Body of Absalom.

Must I hear the gush of music and the voice of
young

When thou no more with thy sweet voice can
come

To greet me Absalom!

Nay, now when I am stricken, and my heart
Like a bent reed, is waiting to be broken

How does its love for thee as I depart
Yearn for thine ear, to drink its last deep, token.
To Joab. O, thou hateful man! From me for-
ever go!

JOAB. O king, I know not! I am innocent!

*Under a dim light, Nathan the Prophet re-
appears as in Act One.*

NATHAN. Blame not thy general Joab! David
behold:

I am come again as I have promised
Fulfilling the dread sentence of my God.
The God hath said "Ere he be man he dies!"
This son of sin is dead ere he be man:
For Absalom is dead upon his birthday.

DAV. The Man from God hath Spoken!
Voices in the throngs The prophesy of Nathan!

DAV. The manner of his death O prophet?

NATHAN. Turning his horse into the thicker
wood

In the low-hanging limb of an old oak,
Caught he the much admired and long clustering
curls.

There hung he till he died; blame not thy general
Joab.

DAV. O, faithful Joab, forgive the stricken
king!

The Queen has recovered and is holding the
infant as before.

NATHAN. Behold the Queen: Within her
arms holdeth Solomon,

Solomon thine heir! Solomon, whose reign

Shall be the grandest in the history of man!

Joyful cries in the throng. Solomon,

Whose wealth shall be the wonder of the world!

*Joyful cries.....*Solomon,

Whose wisdom shall ring down the ages through!

Joyful cries.

So, for the time, farewell.

Nathan disappears.

DAV. The Man From God Hath Spoken!

Curtain, amid general acclamation.

The End.

STARS AND MEN

Each moment has a creature all its own
And gives each wight a color and a tone.
Thus, Fire, Water, Air and Earth,
Can make us men of want or worth.

Fire is Life dear reader,

He that has none is dead,
And evil may come to the unwary one
Where Fire and Water are wed.

For water was ever a vagrant
That follows the wandering moon
The poet, the beggar, the artist,
Is often the lot of a Loon.

Wed FIRE and Air good pastors,
And you'll find quite in spite of the creed
That the SUN to the WIND will ever be kind
And that is reigion's sore need.

Though Water is ever uncertain
With Earth it may harmonize,
For the poor SUN-burnt Sod gives a welcoming
nod
To the Rain as it flees from the Skies.

FALLEN GODS.

" But the Rotteness of Roman society was
beyond cure by any human policy."

*

Before the ports of Rome's Imperial Pomp,
The proletariat grew wont to romp;
The haughty senators with mud they smeared
They tore their togas off, they giped, they jeered.
Whilst the luxurious fops with feasting cloyed
Their bated mettle fain they would have buoyed
To strike the ragged rabble with their feet
And send them howling thru the city's street.

Or with a dominant glare to fright them pale
And see them silenced, slinking in a quail.

**

This did they yesterdays, but now, no more
Flaunt they the far-famed prowess as of yore.
Their one retort for being spit upon
Are silly smirks and oaths weak women con.
Oh, would our GREAT REPUBLICS warning
take,
And not leave repetition in the wake,
Of the most rueful fall of noblest men,
Why we shall have a race of gods, again!
Who, with the stars sublimely might vie,
And like the lofty fires, never die.

THE WARDEN'S RHYME OF ISAAC MORK

I saw these things and knowing well
The mystic tale is true, I tell
Though hours pass and on, the years
We've looked long through the glass that peers
Into the all-forgotten past
The wrinkled face of yore to cast.
The twilight's hush, the lone bright star
The crisp white foam of sandy bar,
Where vast Atlanta's moan and roar
Through ragged rock and concave tore.
And Isaac's house was on the hill
And Isaac's house was bleak and chill.
The fishers mooted much in awe
When e'er the deralect they saw;
For gaunt old Mork with feet unshod
Was fond to brave the ice-bound sod.
They haggled o'er the treasure hid
Within the hermit's pent house lid.
The moon came up with full round face
And bent its light upon the place,
On Isaac's house upopn the hill

On Isaac's house so drear and chill.
A clatter of the latchet chain:
And Isaac Mork goes forth again.

Abroad the melancholy main
Erect he strode, like ancient Thane;
His foot was fleet o'er dunes and crags
The mystic majesty in rags!
On, on he strode and lo! his halt:
'Tis at the threshold of a vault.

Blast of the north he nothing knows!
But on the frozen shore he throws
His tattered coat and on his knee
He bows himself in prayers degree.
His strong sad voice rides on the wind:
"They must be cruel to be kind

"Masters of the mighty line
Weavers of the word, divine,
Hermits of my holy hills
Speak your wisdoms, speak your wills!
Prophets present, prophets past,
Into yore and future cast!
Gird my people for the fight
Guide them, arm them, with your might!
His prayer is done; he swift arose
He kissed the vault's bronze cross and goes!
And naught but moon and hallowed night,
And I alone beheld this sight!
A clatter of the latchet chain
Shows Isaac Mork is home again!

He prayed for Russia, poor mad land,—
Where bedlum reeks from strand to strand.
Nightly he prayed Siberia's waste
Well knew the half nude midnight haste.
But prayer was vain. The growing gloom.
Proved Mork but moments from his doom.

So, when they shot him on the morn
And rid him of his life, forlorn,—
Some petty traitor, some mean spy
Might choose a better way to die,
Than Nicolas the Sometime Czar!
But eclipse fears no despot's star!

LUSITANIA!

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In Epic in Ten verses

I

The grandest Ocean Queen of All!
Great things and small, unseen are soon forgot,
Ruler and beggar in that selfsame lot. ———
You all loved Lusitania; oh, Lusitan!
Thou poor ill-fated and forgot-of-man.
Immailed in iron and in steel in framed,
Most mighty ship, for girth, for speed pro-
claimed,
"The latest word, the last for safety"—
O what a wonder of the world was she! !

II

I see her Cargo, Many Kingdoms Worth.
I see her portico and colonade,
Her terraces and massive balustrade
And mystical and purple streamed tow'rs,
Gardens of sun; obliterating bow'rs.
Yes, pleasure plains and godly galleries,
Pavillions, and old Orient hostelries.
I see her cargo,—many Kingdoms worth—
From every port and quarter of the earth.

III.

The Argosy to Recreate the World!

Salons embellished and o'erhung with arts,
The rarities of universal marts.
Her lowest port illured great shafts of shine:
Celestial sun, to prisoner of mine;
Wooded aerial waftures from the soothing south,
And brought the joyous warble to the mouth.
Right proudly her banners she unfurled,
The argosy to recreate the world!

IV.

Bon Voyage!

So thus the sea queen, rapt with victory
From that fair island circled by the sea,
Unto her last and fatal voyage danced,
And man looked on, admiring, entranced!
Ah! how she leapt! cleaving the grand concave
Of vaulted waters and the foam-capped wave.
And so she's gone, dear reader, for the day
God guide her precious care, and keep her way.

V

One-thousand and two hundred slain as One!

.....*Alas, frail man!*.....

How great art thou to the All Seeing Eye?
Since Adam's fall still dooms us all to die:
The copper crammed, the gem embroidered purse,
The low, the literate, in one deep hearse.
Yet God, good God! great God! was it well done?
One thousand and two hundred slain as one!
Regardless wolves! why fell you foe and friend?
Fast hounds we'll have to hunt you to the end!

VI

The Attack!

Over the waters, the vast midnight main,
Came echoes of a mild, melodious strain.
Some played at cards, some danced and some
drank deep.

And some setted sombrely off to sleep.

When, lo!

A muffled thud! scarcely so much, no more,
Perchance a billow broke against a door.
Unheard by many and survivors say
The merry-makers were unmoved from play.

VII

Down went Our Greatest, Bravest, Lusitan!
Forward, she plunged, needing a friend's advice
Into Hun's murd'rous submarine device.
Is all war fair?—Great God! was it well done?
One thousand and two hundred slain as one!
Beyond all rescue, nay, the prey of man,
Down went our greatest, bravest Lusitan!
Thick is the sea with corpse of fathers, sons,
Innocent mothers and loved little ones.

VIII

Unto the deep and bleak abysmal brine,
The monstrous sacrifice of murderous mine.
One thousand and two hundred dauntless braves
Went without warning to untimely graves.
*The red moon gleams athwart your crimson
plains*

*.....Where man and horse and implements of war,
Lie massed and motionless. O grim remains
Of genius, science, arts! Prussia's no more!*

IX

For Us and All Democracy!

Awake, oh kinsmen, from nightmares of blood,
Ere this scene end the universal feud!

Ere Uncle Sam sets on his dog's of war
Come down thou kaiser-fool, give o'er, give o'er!
At length Great Wilson spoke the magic word,
Our answer to the autocratic lord:
Not now "too proud to fight," nor neutral we,
But war for us, and all Democracy!

X

The New Republic
Quick then, and cleanse thy new republic's way!
You autocratic dogs have had your day.
Thy loyal race too long you have misled,
Their shattered houses call for a "A Kaiser's
Head!"

To bleak Siberia turn that hateful glare
And let it gaze upon his own death-chair.
Fight for the right, friend, here ends my story
Stand by your own, MY OWN, OLD
GLORY!"

TO MARIE

Thou hast the laughing lip of love
Thine eye is heavens beam
Thy raven coil of clust'ring curl
Fulfills my vaupest dream!

TO LAURA

Where stars upon the river dancing by,
I sang thee, love my moonlight lullaby,
Your lovely langour, your delicious croon,
The sombre drifting of our gay lagoon.

I built thee, Love, a castle in my mind,
Where the lithe willow waveth to the wind.
Where swallows wing their way unto the West,
I lay thee, Love, all in thy bloom to rest!

O, summer sun, shine brightly here,
And guard the garden of my dear!
I've sung thee love, my farewell lullaby
Where stars upon the river dancing by.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS SON

"No more a lad," the shepherd said,
"To be a man's your cue,
Get thee a wife for the to wed
Henceforth man's duty do!
Spend not thyself with worthless drab
Nor toss ye to the wind
An that thine eyes loose glances had,
A wud God made thee blind!"

TO AN ACTOR

The glamour goeth from thy life
Broken of spirit, thou!
Far better thou hadst spent thy day
About the placid plough.
Thou shouldst not then see glory's pale:
Life's chill, receding sun,
Thy children's arms about thy neck
Out-weigh all laurels won.

HIMSELF and Life.

A SYMBOL

Himself and Life beat wearily the strand,
And as they plod Life limply linked his hand.
"O, Life," cried He, "thou tedious old bore,"
"Why dost thou cling upon me, evermore?"
"What, wilt thou see me meet this raging surge,"
"And being drowned, avoid thy loathed scourge?"
"Or, if thou wilt not, tell me if you can,"
"If ever thou yield aught, to wretched man "
"Sure, thou art blind" quoth Life, "else wouldst
thou see"

"Yon setting sun is crowned with victory."
 "No less victorious should I leave you,"
 "If thou wilt persevere thy task to do."
 "No more! "He rants, "I hate philosophy."
 "It ne'er hath medicined my misery;"
 "But led me on through sins and seething
 sorrows"
 "Still greeting me with ever-bleek to-morrows!"
 "Thy thoughts are ill," spoke Life, "thy mind
 diseased,"
 "When thou wouldst have me gone, whom heaven
 leased,"
 "That thou mightst use me well and not
 abuse,"
 "Nor my brief company to lose."
 "Fasten thy grasp, look up, and hasten on!"
 "For when I've taken leave, indeed, I'm gone."

 His eyes look wide, He scans the boundless
 sea
 "A pleasant place for fish; Leave land for me!"
 "Show me the green; how I this bar abhor!"
 "Methinks I like thee Life, a little more."
 He mends this pace and quits the sterile surf,
 He leaps with joy upon the fertile turf.
 "By my immortal soul, if Life be such,"
 "I love thee, Life, though I did hate thee much!"

MAYTIME—1919

To Agnes E. D .

How Sad!

When all the world is gone A-Maying
 And men have ceased their grewsome slaying
 Thou art not numbered with the glad,
 How sad, dear heart, indeed, how sad!
 But hearts of steel at length will sever,
 And Givers cannot live, forever!

TO MY MOTHER

(From the back of her photograph)

How well this ghostly likeness, ah, my dears,
Speaks dim oblivion in ten short years!

Ten years, dear friends, nay, this September
morn,

Shall mark another decade newly born,
Since sweet Marcella, wearying of strife,
Drooped her sad eyes and so passed from life.

NOTE

To, **Echoes of Evening Bells.**

It is an established fact,—and I hope I have made it adequately clear,—that the principals of this poem *were not* officially connected with the Church at the time of their liaison.

Even if afterward their distinguished, high services and a life of penance for a single sin,—were such as to admit them to the sanctuary, their case was most exceptional.

The hero was a prodigious theologian, and counted the popes, themselves, amongst his millions of students. Both were professors of dialectics; Make allowances for the time; Imagine a lone bright star in a dark century and you will have some idea, of the intellectual activities of Peter Aberlard, of the darkest Eleventh.

However you will find no dry dialectics here, as the story is now presented purely for its romantic and dramatic values, and in sifting-out the *dialectics* I believe I have performed a gymnastic if not an artistic feat

V. P. S.

ECHOES OF EVENING BELLS, OR, LOVERS OF NOTRE DAME.—

God gives us some strong men: stout stalwart
hearts,

Whose stern clear eyes a wealth of love imparts;

And this was Fulbert: clement, yet austere,
And to the sins 'gainst chasity, severe.
'Neath Notre Name's gray shadows he abode,
In the great prelate's house; and nearby flowed
A crystal lake that mirrored gorgeously
The glorious gardens of tranquility.
And with the Canon Fulbert, Héloise,
Child of his own dead sister,—God would please,
To place the rearing of the saintly flower,
And Fulbert taught his ward with priestly power.

ABELARD, ENVY OF PEERS

In Paris, too, lived Abelard the sage
Far-famed philosopher, wonder of age;
Handsome of feature, gracious, forty years,
Ally of Pape and envy of the peers.
Up to this time though celebrated, he
Was not of priesthood, but of laiety;
And till he saw chaste Helois passing by
His only fault was triumph's vanity.

LOVE OR GENIUS?

But as she crost the ports of Notre Dame
Love as to Faust, his Genius came to damn.
"Who would not run to look upon his face,
Was held ' and infidel and state disgrace!"
So innocent was she, so saintly fair,
A sacrilidge, it seemed, thus to ensnare,
One so accomplished, beautiful and learned,
And to her God assiduously turned.

THE RUSE.

Now this most learned sage of genius' seat
Went forth her uncle Fulbert, to entreat
"That he might teach her in philosophy
So she most wise of all her sex should be."
The trusting Fulbert quickly gave consent;
He saw the *gain* but missed the *Dark Intent*.
And now the all-admired Abelard,
Had access free to the stern canon's ward.

COURTSHIP OF THE LAYMAN ABELARD

To her he strolled from high St. Genevieve
Flushed with success, determined to achieve
The maiden's love, and thereby conquer all,
Tuning his eloquence to Heloïs' Fall!

'Twas silent as a sanctuary's nave
But for the bee and bird, too lonely grave
For Love's deliciousness! 'How weary seem
Dry dialectics now! Now whilst they dream
'Mid such a paradise of soul and sense
The Mines of Learning are not worth a pence!

A PARADISE OF SOUL AND SENSE

But for her eighteen years and loyal heart
And passion too devoted to impart
The maid was helpless; no words tell
How Fulbert's high hopes with chaste Heloïs,
fell!

When thundering Fulbert heard on Paris's street
The shocking scandal!—his dread rage repeat—,
Unhousing Abelard he flayed his niece
So that his fury, seeming not to cease,

The SCANDAL.

Poor Heloïs in the disguise of a nun
To Briton fled, And here was born, the son.
The Layman penned the Canon, "Reverend Sir,
I deeply grieve my morals should incur
Your righteous wrath; my sin indeed is dire;
And know, to holy orders I aspire
Yet though it mar my priestly plan of life,
Right willingly I'll make your niece, my wife."
"Well Said" the canon cried, and wrote "Dear
Son,
Bring here my niece and I will make thee One."

HELOIS WILL NEVER BE A BRIDE

But Heloïs read the letter and replied
"Your wretched niece shall never be a bride!"

But never say I Ruined Him when I wed!"
Say that I loved him, think of me as dead.

One night when good men slept assassins came
On sleeping Abelard. With eyes aflame,
He woke to see his own blood drip from knife,
He hurled a light, escaping with his life.

JUST VENGEANCE.

For this was Fulbert: Clement yet austere,
And to the sin 'Gainst Chasity, severe
"That which offends thee, cut it off," he swore,
"That which hath ruined my niece shall ruin no
more!"

ABELARD FLIES!

Pursued with fears and terrors of the lance
The fugitive found refuge far in France;
Here in a wilderness of wolf and weed,
He built a hermitage with branch and reed.

Having meantime the Holy Orders taken,
So fortune's darling turns to friar forsaken.
How Helois bore the news the record fail,
Save to set down, "She forthwith took the veil."

TO HER OLD TEACHERS!

If she had dreamed of solace with her son,
Respect for Abelard now bid her shun
The world. She merely lived to self chatise,
And now she fled again in strange disguise,
Age twenty years,—to join that Sisterhood,
The tutors of her joyous maidenhood.

TEN YEARS PASS.

A decade passes and our romance fades,
For Time and absence are as welcome shades
That hide from us what we would fain not see,
But that our weakness will let us flee.

How fares meantime the abee Abelard?
The graceful figure bent the white hands hard,
With toil to furnish but his barest needs,
And nights of lonely vigil o'er his beads.

THE LIGHT OF LEARNING

But learning then was like a beacon light,
Not all the infamy of fate could smite
The power of his teaching: Students came
To his dark hut as Seaman to a flame.
With hope returned the monk forgot his woes,
So o'er the hut a sanctuary rose.
But fears of murder dogged him constantly
Since the assault his mind was seldom free.

THE LONE BRIGHT STAR

"I walked in the arbor at even,
My lamp was a lone bright star
It pierced the thick vine, the Dark of Lost Time,
It flashed forth my fond hope afar.
That hope which I still have fostered,
From springtime to winter of life,
Which would have me bear, through the bleakest
despair,
The ne'er ending conflict with strife.

THE WAR NO MORTAL WILL WIN

The war betwixt angel and devil,
The strife between Evil and good
No mortal will win the unceasing din,
The battle of blest and the blood.
And my spirit fell with my footstep
As I marked its pace on the path
For the faltering halt, is a sign of the Salt
Nay, the proof of the Aftermath.

ISLAND OF INFINITE REST

And I sat and I dreamed of mine Island,
Mine island of infinite rest,
It was well to adjourn to felicity's bourne,
Beyond in the welcoming west.

And O, I am grown so weary,
So weary of all earth's things
I yearn for the rest of Oblivion's breast
The calm that Eternity brings,
For I know that mine Island is Heaven,
And my soul is stronger again,
Let me rise, do I stare? tho' I gaze nowhere,
I know 'tis not in vain.

Son! Is not this star, an angel,
The loved and the lost Helois
That sanctified shade, ah that radiant maid,
My heart, my hope and my hearse.

Ah, we do not know, my darling,
But the fools that we are shall be,
Till the westering sun, marks all blundering done,
An darkens all lamps for me.

Yet our hopes were ever brief moments
Mad music of ecstasy,
When freedom from pain like a good angel came,
With trices of liberty.

For even a monk may burn my son,
Tho' it seldom be understood,
There is many a smart of a rifted heart,
Beneath the Sack-cloth and the Hood!

Ever avagrant, I knew one,
Wandering in the night
Seeking a friend to the wide world's end
Loosing the path of light.

But the sun still shines in my window,
My star, thru' the thick of the vine,
So my Hope shall NOT cease, till I must hold my
Peace

And sleep, to the end of Time."

And Helios became abess; Abelard,
Seemed now to reap, somewhat his toil's
reward.

But when he slept "assassins 'round him worked,
Poison his food, at prayer "confederates lurked"

So that his fears becoming a disease,
To fatal for poor physics to appease,
He started off in an accustomed fright,
Into the late and wild December night.

Frozen they found him, nude and nearly dead
Gently revived him, laid him on white bed,
In that retreat by concurrence most strange,
Where Helios was high abess! Now, the change
Upon the Abbe—raving and unshorn,
Nuns knew him not and therefore could not
mourn.

So Helios goes with wonted courtesy
To cheer her charge with prayer and sympathy.

AFTER TWENTY YEARS: THE MEETING !!!

And Helios in a snow white habit came,
And knelt before the fading senseless man;
As bead by bead she fervently poured forth,
Her whispering tones grew tremulous more and
more.

Fondly she lipped the silvered crucifix,
And thinking still he slumbered, lightly kissed
The brow inspired. He lifted up his eyes.
The large, frank eyes that Helios loved so well!

"Great God! That saintly face she saw before—
"Sometime, someplace—she saw it—IT WAS
HE!

Age, nay Death was on him; yet he clamoured
To her arms. Twenty years bereaved and now!

" 'Twas prophesied I'd meet thee by the way,
Thou in the pride of life and I all gray;
Friendless and famine pinched and stained with
tears,
Deep lined and bending low and crazed with
fears,

BY THE THROAT!

"But ere the dark divine doomed me to moat
I leaped and seized the prophet by the throat:
"You lie!" I cried, "this must not, shall not be!"
He sadly smiling said: "WAIT, WATCH, AND
SEE."

"And I have waited Helios: my heart was
torn
Through agony and darkness. But the joy
Of Helois' nearness once again is mine!"
Now all the past was present: the evenings
At the gate, the starlight lake and Fulbert!
"If Helois were MY WIFE earth would be
heaven!"

"The name of WIFE" the abess straight rejoined
"May sound more holier to other ears
Than the meek name of MISTRESS; but for me,
I was your sacrifice,—MY SOUL was yours!"
"But now 'tis God's alone!" He held her fast
The white nun shuddered, for she knew the
clutch
Of death. Backward he sank, "Sister of God,
He gasped, "Sister of God, Farewell!"
His eyes grew fixed, then drooped and rose no
more!"

The sobbing sister sealed them praising God
“The world shall never know the tragedy
That ends with thee. “Anon a footstep hushed
Her lamentation, and covering up the face
That face which haunted her through twenty
years—

Resumed her stern composure. Hark a knock!

“Come in”; a sister entered. Helios spoke
In calm dispassionate tones, as if the corpse
Were alien to her heart: “So Daughter write:—
“The Melancholia Patient Passed at nine”.

The rest was silence. Mother Helios lived
After her Abelard two decades more,
And for her loved son gained a diocese.
The people loved her, nay her frequent tears
So sweetened her late years, they worshipped her
as saint.

And since they buried her, in Paris now,—
Though century and century have passed—
About the abbeé's tomb they still revere
A monument of saintly martyrdom.

FINIS

YOU (?)

YOU, that are misleading millions of men,
When and where shall it end, say when!
When nation's depleted, will you still cry “We're
cheated”!
Will YOU be satisfied then?

*

The ANSWER to ten million and one ques-
tions of Equity in this world is: Everything de-
pends upon the individual. Just try it out; Go
to courts and LISTEN.

DRINK UP AND HAVE ANOTHER

In the good old days we drew our pays
And hustled down to Duffy's
Though our tough bunch could hound free lunch:
There was no "crust" like Snuffy's.
With Snuffy here and Snuffy there
Soon every plate on the bar was bare,
In the good old days when we drew our pays
And we all met down in Duffy's.

CHORUS

So, drink-up and have another, brother,—
This here round's on me,—
Drink-up and all your troubles smother,
Whatever they may be;
When we're "bone dry" we'll be dead lazy,
And the whole dumb world will go clean crazy.,
But, drink-up and have another, brother,
This here round's on me.

* * *

Now, the bar-keep was a good old skate
He'd rustle-on another plate,
But Snuffy had a foot-pad's gall,
He copped the hot dogs, plate and all.
Oh, I wish we had our pictures taken,
Then the whole bar line with booze were shaken,
That would be something to recall,
The days when we could have our ball,
The good old days when we all met down in
Duffy's.

JUST A NUTLET.

The kink rushed on to the stage in his shirt-sleeves: "Me Jools, me jools!" he bawled.
"Who tuck them jools?"

"A! Who couder tuck them?" learnedly

Ballads of Us Sellers #2

He's There!
Then,
Now
Always



BANK ON THE GRAND OLD MAN

Uncle Sam was never known to be behind the times;

He's right up in style, fighting all the while;

He's no waiter, a born hater of those Kultur Crimes,

He sails right at each autocrat,
And IN each Ally chimes.

For complete words and music of
“BANK ON THE GRAND OLD MAN”

Kindly address the publishers.

delineated(?) the lord chamberlain, as he blew the head of his can of beer in to the kink's face.

"Me jools, me rubies, me rummies! me black diamond, egg nuggot 14 karots, three bagers, base ball bats, all gone all out! Take your base, base varlet! The curse of Canarsie upon you!

HELL, NO!

You mustn't mind a little thing like that
If inside your fur coat sleeve you meet a rat;

And you feel the icy cycle
Of his naughty tickle, tickle,—
Girls, you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

*

You mustn't mind a little thing like that,
If a subway mob should smash your five spot hat;

And you're picked-up feeling leary
With both eyes all black and bleary,
Boys, you mustn't mind a little thing like that.

*

You mustn't mind a little thing like that,
They have boosted rent ten berries on your flat;

And there aint an empty dog house
Not a stall to coop a field mouse,
Why simply pay, and put-up where you're at.

*

You mustn't mind a little thing like that,
If Pop comes home on pay night on a bat;
With his pockets full of pickles,
And a pair of lonely nichols
Why cuss about a little thing like that!

*

Hell, No; Be happy!!
Keep 'em on the guess;
Times is tuff
But chuck a bluff,
Oh, my yes!

*

Now, Sister will Speak a Piece
"T'was the night before Christmas and all
through the house"
'Twas the night of Vin's racket and all through
the house
Not a doggie was sober from "Brannigan"
Straus.

Listen, Listen, Listen, willya, Mabel?

Listen, listen, listen, will ya Mabel,
I'll get a job termarrer if I'm able
And I'll buy a little Ford,
(Maybe Pop wont ask for board)
Come, listen, listen, listen, willya Mabel?

*

Aint you goin-a marry me Mabel?
Don't be sayin I smell like beer.
I don't clutter the rugs
Up, with cooties and bugs,—
Stop fightin and marry me, dear.

Listen, listen, listen, willya Mabel?
I know my hat is waitin on the table,—
Yes I know its gettin late
An you're givin me the Gate,
Aint you goin to listen to me Mabel?

The Three "D's"

Three brilliant young scholars
Dunce, Dozy, and Dumb,
Sat watchin and waitin for summer to come.

Then ten frisky fellers
Slung a shower of spellers,
And smashed-up the dreams of Duncce, Dozy and
Dumb.

Duncy, Dozy and Dumb,
They couldn't remember the sum,
So teacher said "Boys,
Just cut-out the noise
While I make their ham-hides hum."
But who could blame Dozy for bein so dumb
For Duncy was dummer than Dozy was dumb
As for the Three D's
Why these boys are the cheese
They're covered with fly-bites and smothered
with fleas.

"When in the course of human events"—a lady is
flee-bitten!

Necker's Rival.

(Until very recently we were used to see the highly inviting FUNERAL BARGAINS of Necker on the bill-boards: With six coaches, tent and camp stools, etc., \$49.49, special. Many a thrifty housewife would gladly DIE to grab such a BARGAIN. But Necker had a rival, way, way back,—well you'll have to ask the late Charley Lamb, —WHEN,—to whom we extend all apologies.)

Here's the inducement: You'll *fall* for it, sure.
(Reading)

Burial Society.

A favorable opportunity, now offered to any person of either sex, who would wish to be buried in a genteel manner by paying one shilling entrance and two pence per week for the benefit of stock. Members to be free (?) in six months.



The money to be paid to Mr. Middleton at the SIGN of the First and LAST, Stonecutter street, and Ghost Market. The deceased to be furnished as follows:

A strong elm "kimona" trimmed with raven cheesy cloth, and furnished with two rows all round, close drove BEST HOB NAILS, a handsome plate of inscription, "ANGEL ABOVE and DEVIL BELOW," and four pair handsome wrought iron handles. The coffin to be well pitched (by our grave diggers) a handsome red shroud, cap, bells and pillow!

For mourners' use, ! handsome velvet shimmie 3 vermillion smocks, three carmine crape hat bands, three picture hats and six pairs silk hose, short style. Use of fine jazz band, a doll to beat the same; also burial fees to be paid if not exceeding one guinea (meaning wop).

(All jokes aside, friends it was up to Necker to put the "sense" in common sense funerals. Why do the poor go into "hock" burying their dead?)

Coney Island!

What haven or haunt of pleasure on earth
Compares with this isle of infinite mirth?

Where else such summer crowds? Alluring isle,
What sultry days you airily beguile!

What merry masses promenade your strand
Bathe in your surf, bask on your silver sand.

What numbers, too, forgetful of the night
Enamoured with your shores, greet dawning
light!

Sojourn her Avenue, and there are we
Swayed by a surging throng of strolling glee.

Surf Avenue, "dear Coney's Great White Way"
Is thus inhabited by night and day.

Her Bowery, too, is people-pressed, and there,
Like old New York's historic thorofare,

Small showmen flock, and queans in tawdry tights
Shout Dixie skits before lime-glaring lights.

The Bowery ends, and there looms Steeplechase,
No human foot ere set on gladder place!

With mad-cap whirls and rides and slides, ahum.
Vast crowds from Newark, and from Harlem,
came.

And there is Henderson's whose Times' Square
shows
Each first-night fan and vaudi-haunter knows.

And here's great Luna, once called Sea-lion
Park,—

Renewing youth with wily ride and lark,
Half-up that narrow Coney Street, he stands,
The busy Bostwick, he who reads Time's sands.
Renowned resort! Oft visited with fire
Undaunted, rose each time did you aspire,
Not to restore what fire would efface
But o'er the ruin to rear a fairer place!
Right proudly, then, her banners are unfurled
An ISLE it is to recreate the world!

THE STRANGE CONFESSION

Come hither friend
 Bid all unkindness gone
Let old grudge end
 And hollow pride pass on.

Here is my hand,
 Blush not to thrill your grasp
Like brothers, band,
 Lest foes our last, we gasp.

Life is but brief
 Too brief for thoughtless ire
Like withered leaf
 Ere long, we're dust entire.

Deep in my breast
 With lips compressed I bore
A tale—you've guessed,—
 Which now can bear no more.

Forth from my breast
 Would I this tale unfold,
None can I rest
 Till I this tale have told;

Faithful I've proved
 So lend a faithful ear
If you be moved
 Let fall the unmasked tear..
Recall the times
 When we would walk for hours
'Mid quiet climes
 Far from commercial tow'rs.
Recall the day
 Stirred by a haunting thought
You sped away
 Before I could say aught.
As suddenly
 Did you your steps retrace
And presently
 Resume your former pace.
Leading me on
 To nearby hill's indent
You thereupon
 Revealed strange intent.
A history
 Of one that you knew well
A secrecy
 You did proceed to tell.
To ne'er a one
 Betwixt the earth and skies
Save me alone
 Was tale disclosed likewise.
With ardor tense
 Your narrative increased
In dread suspense
 I yearned to be released.
For I was dumb
 With sobs that choke the speech
No words would come
 Though I might Christ beseech.

Wherefore was this?

Why should I thus bemoan?

The answer's this:

Your tale might be *my* own.

The crisis came

When with a reckless thrust

With eyes aflame.....

Your pipe flung to the dust!

And lo!

"The history

Of one that you knew well

The mystery

That I have heard you tell!"

The beads of sweat

Upon your brows stood out

With passion wet,—

In high pitched voice you shout:

"I am that son

Of sea weed, salt and gold,

I am the one,—

My history is told!"

**

This secret you at random did impart

Repent not in your moments more discreet

"Though you perhaps may bear me hard at heart
Your confidence I swear I'll ne'er repeat.

Nay, in my coffin, with me, is it sealed

There to remain, and never be revealed.



The Canon Fulbert's Word
"Heloise, Child of His Own
Dead Sister"

ECHOES OF EVENING BELLS.

THE MIRACLE OF A MOTHER'S HEART A FABLE.

PART ONE

It was May-time in the morning
And he rose from pleasant dreams
And the sun stole in his window
All in yellow, golden streams.

Simple, trusting was the fellow,
Hearty, brawny only son,
Of a gentle, ancient lady
Whom they called "Good mother Brun."

Now he sits down to a repast
Of white wine, wild fruit and bread
And he thanked God for his bounty
Thanking mother this he said:

"This humble dish, by loving hands prepared
Delights me more than I had banquets shared.

From plates of gold where proud distainful laird
To mingle fellowship with feast not cared.

Today I leave thee mother but have cheer
For I in spirit always will be near,

My journey ends when two short months shall flee
Meantime my thoughts will be alone of thee."

Then he kissed his mother fondly
Blessing him she gave consent
With her arms outstretched toward him
Young Brun said "Farewell" and went.

And as he sauntered forth he heard
The music of the morning bird,
The measured moan and melancholy roar
Of vast Atlanta, crashing on the shore!

PART TWO

Oh, if hell in shape of heaven
E'er the form of woman could take,
Never did it seem so certain
Surely there was no mistake.

Fair was she as radiant angel
And her form so serpentine
Had the symmetry of Venus,
Venus scarcely so sublime.

When the rustic's eyes beheld her
Blasted was his future life
For he loved her unto madness
And would have her for his wife.

But the vampire only taunted,
Tortured the poor simple swain
All his prayers provoked her laughter
All intreaties were in vain.

I'll prove my love, what will you have me do.
I'll cross the ocean in a toy canoe.
I'll venture in a cage with hungry, lions
I will descend into the deadly mines.
I'll gladly die for you tomorrow morn
For death is better than my true loves scorn.

Up spoke the demon fair of Satan's school
"I take thee at thy word thou rash young fool.
I do not send thee forth to mine, nor storm,
But if you want me, this you must perform ;
This day two weeks you'll find me near this log
Bring to me then, for my mean servant's dog,
Your mother's heart, you hear, your mother's
heart

For my low scullion's dog! Nay, do not start,
You want me, eh? then instantly begone!
On thy success this bargain stands upon."

And as he staggered forth he heard
The croaking of the midnight bird
The woeful groan, most meloncholy roar
Of vast Atlanta crashing on the shore!

PART THREE

It was Maytime in the morning
When he came three long years late
And the dear old white haired woman
Came to meet him at the gate.

But he broke from her embraces
And he seized her by the arm,
And the feeble, frail old lady
In amazement and alarm,

Cried "My son, have you been drinking?
Come inside you will grow calm,
I am sure for poor old mother
You intend no dreadful harm!"

"Mother I have come to kill thee
Ask not *when*, nor *how*, nor *why*
Pray! For ere the sun arises,
Mother, thou shalt surely die!

The deed was done! and oh the woeful cries
Would make stones weep, and blood start from
the skies.
The matter is scarce fitting to impart,
The loved-carzed youth hacked-forth His
Mother's heart!

And running with the prize he heard,
The screeching of the midnight bird,

The mournful moan and most unearthly roar,
Of mad Atlanta crashing on the shore!

He stumbled, down fell with the ghastly prize
And fainting, full of fear, he could not rise.

Behold, O listen, for dead hearts will speak,
For voice is given to the murdered meek:

Hark, the Heart, in tones imploring
Spoke, "*Dear son, you're hurt I fear,
Rise, and I will soothe thy bruises,
Darling, I will bring thee, cheer.*"

Conscious now and starting wildly
He cried out, "Unnatural Son!
Have I slain the saint that bore me
For a friend! I'm done! I'm done!

"Revenge, vengeance! on the fair fiend,
On this beautiful she of hell,
Let me die revenged upon her!
Sadly then my story tell,

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